

# WATAUGA BANK.

Directors—Judge John P. Smith, E. W. West, C. P. Cox, John Sanders, A. B. Bowman, Jas. A. Martin, Jas. F. Trum-mer, Will Harr, W. P. Duncan, Geo. D. Taylor, C. K. Lide, Jas. Harr.

We have the largest paid up capital of any bank in the city. Our stockholders are among the best men of Wash-ington and Carter counties. We loan conservative banking business in all its branches, and all business entrusted to us will be faithfully and promptly transacted.

# WATAUGA BANK.

Johnson City, Tenn.

Authorized Capital \$100,000.00  
Cash Capital paid up 74,475.00  
Undivided Profits 10,525.07

A. B. Bowman, President  
G. W. St. John, Vice President  
Will Harr, Cashier  
C. P. Cox, Assistant Cashier  
J. K. Harr, Attorney

# THE COMET.

EIGHTH YEAR.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 394

## NEW YORK Racket Store.

(Sign of the Red Flag.)

One thing we would not have you who may perchance read this "ad." believe, not for a moment—that the four lines of poetry are original with us; neither would we have you believe our souls are possessed of sentiment sufficient to even appreciate some of the sweet poems of Milton or Father Ryan. The four lines are so true to nature, so true to our experience and observation in life, that we concluded to use them and tell you all the history of the author.

The author of these lines of poetry was indeed one of the happiest men our life has ever known. "Happy Mc." was his name. We loved him, but alas! what a sad ending to his seemingly happy life! He was seemingly a prosperous merchant in one of the most beautiful cities in the South. No one knew aught to the contrary. But alas! in the rear of one of the best kept hotels in all this southland of ours the report of a pistol was heard, and on examination "Happy Mc." had sent a bullet crashing through his brain, and there, in a big goods box, he sat, stooped over, with pistol in hand—dead! This same box had contained goods billed to him on long time and dated ahead. On investigation it was found that he could not meet his bills, and poor "Happy Mc." preferred to end his own life rather than have his friends know of his disgrace and ruin.

The fickle wheel of fortune does not always grind out golden coin for the rich. Every day there are failures recorded by people whom we would least expect to hear of. Failures in the mercantile world are always recorded. Failures of farmers and mechanics—the backbone and support of the world—are rarely ever heard of outside of the Sheriff's office or some Justice of the Peace, brought about generally by a rotten homestead or lien law. Still, we have them every day, and many and many are the happy homes—the humble homes—that are wrecked by the monster, Debt! Pain and sorrow brought to the wives and daughters of our farmers and mechanics. So beware of it! Shun it! Cash down—glittering gold or glistening silver—adopt it in your homes, and soon you will feel the ease and freedom of a new life.

MORAL.—The Racket buys for Spot Cash, puts a reasonable, living profit on every item and stops, and in this way will be better prepared from day to day to give you bargains in our line, as we learn to know your wants and needs.

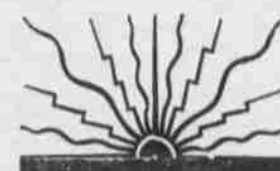
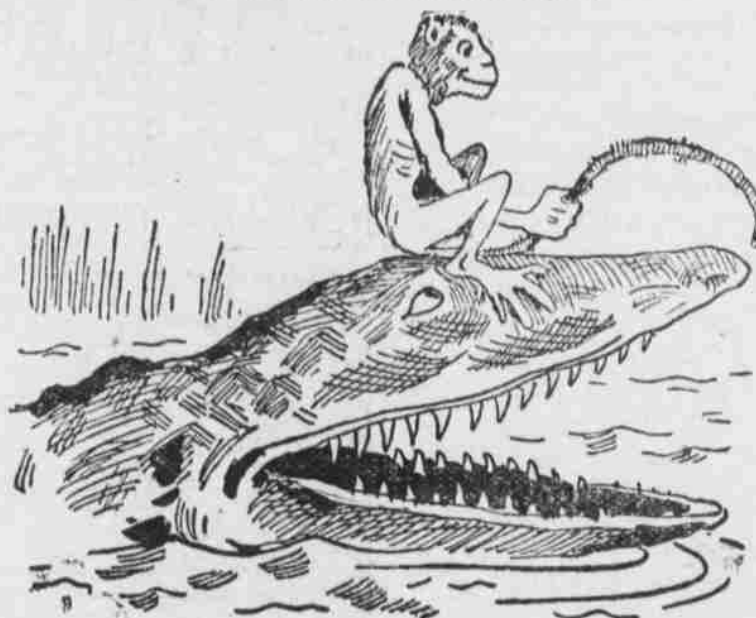
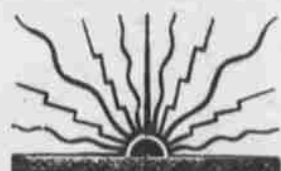
New York Racket Store,

NEW YORK OFFICE:

Nos. 549, 551, 553 Broadway.

## New York Racket Store

"Around the world we've traveled a bit,  
Troubles we've seen a few.  
We've found it a rule in every clime—  
You tickle me and I'll tickle you."



## All Dese Red Letters am de New York Racket Store's.

— We hope dat U all will read dem, and remember dat we are —

## HEADQUARTERS FOR BARGAINS!

We buy for Cash, Sell for same—Put on a living profit and Stop.

Recognizing (dat's a big word) dat an honorable, legitimate trade will appreciate our efforts to

## LIVE AND LET LIVE.

One of us am just back from New York, where we closed several lines that were forced on the market by people who had to realize Cash for goods on hand.

— A BIG LINE OF —

## Christmas Tricks, Bought Right, will be sold at Half their Value.

## Some \* Bargains \* in \* Clothing!

ODD PANTS AND COATS.

A tremendous line of Shirts at half their value. An elegant line of Ladies' and Gents' Underwear.

## The Biggest Bargain in Hats Ever in Johnson City.

Dr. Warner's Corsets at Racket prices only. Best Shoe Strings, 5c. per dozen. Elegant 10-piece Chamber Sets at Racket prices only. A heavy line of Full Stock Boots. A nice line of "Bang Curlers." Pint Tin Cups by the bushel. Elegant Saratoga Trunks. And just such a line of indescribable, unheard of, convincing, reasonable and forcible bargains, that will make all who purchase of us feel that to the Racket belongs the credit of

## Value Given for Dollars Received.

**Note Especially** We try to sell our goods SOLELY on the merit of their VALUE. We will never, no, never sell them if we have to do it by running down some other competitor's goods, which we know nothing about. Too true it is that men often resort to this uncharitable way to sell to a customer against his will; but as our Commandments teach us differently, so we will act. In this connection let us add another thought, to ALL who may contemplate even the asking: We owe no one in Johnson City a dollar, (nor any other city). We sell positively for Cash. We care not what your bank account may or may not be; we must and will have the cash when your package is delivered. We charge nothing to anyone; we remember nothing "till next week;" neither will we wait for you to "hand it in Monday," and by this means we, like the dear little gleeful monkey above, will always be "on top"—"in the swim"—with poor old Credit grabbing at our coat tail, just as the cut above pictures so fully. Come and C us.

## New York Racket Store,

Sign of Red Flag,

Market Street.

New York Office: Nos. 549, 551, 553 Broadway.

## NEW YORK RACKET STORE, Market St., Johnson City, Tenn.

When we handed to the printer this advertisement we tickled him greatly, and day by day do we tickle to laughter and groans some wayfarer who perchance steps into the Racket Store and has Racket prices named on our goods. Merchandising is a strange thing. It is a wheel within a wheel. Manufacturer sells to jobber, jobber sells to retailer and retailer sells to consumer. Now listen! Did you ever stop to think, reader, what a throng of people the CONSUMER had to support. Well now its awful. Where does the foundation lie? The support and comfort brought to the homes of the many, many happy families in this large world of ours—all from the farmers, the mechanics, the Daily Laborers! One question here. Think over your list of acquaintances. Do you know a rich man or woman to-day anywhere who made their wealth on a farm, or at an honorable mechanics' bench, or at any kind of daily labor? The world is so unreal that the riches of the few and the poverty of the many will never be accounted for. Often have we visited the great city of New York, and never while there has our heart gone out with more true joy than to see the laboring people enjoying the freedom of Central and other parks there as they do during the long hot, sultry days in summer. Indeed, it is a pleasure to watch those laborers, with their wives and children enjoying the freedom, liberty and fresh air of those places provided for them. Again, as we look upon this throng of humanity we can not help but reflect, and think how unevenly this world's sweet comforts are divided; and again another thought presents itself—that in the sweet day of rest offered to us all, we will remember nothing of this world's woes and trials, but will ALL enjoy alike a blissful Home, or share together the tortures of an unending suffering. Life is what we make it. Happy here—happy beyond. Misery here—ETERNAL misery beyond.

We must digress. The same rule works in business as in a regulated home—or a peaceful breast. The New York Racket Store watches the failures of these "long timed" Merchants, and with cash down we buy only such bargains as will sell readily at the price we put on them. A great many people have said to us, "Your stock is not as large as we thought you would carry." Let us tell you again, when you look upon the New York Racket Store's stock of goods—little or much—you can well remember every dollar's worth is paid for. Truly do we prefer half a loaf, all our own, than a dozen loaves gleaned here and there and by from thirteen to twenty-five houses owned.

C. C. C.—Cash Counts Certain.

Bankrupt Bargains day by day will be on the Racket counters at Sledge Hammer Prices. Cum and C us.

New York Racket Store.